1609/1619.

ISRAEL

IN

BABYLON.

AN

ORATORIO.

The Music ſelected from the Works of

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL, Eſq.

LONDON:

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M DCC LXIV.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

PREFACE.

THE Subject of this Drama may be found in the ſecond, third, and fourth Chapters, of the Firſt Book of Eſdras.

The Muſic (except ſome of the Recitatives) is ſelected from the Works of the late Mr. Handel: To give the Public a Collection that is not common, I have taken but two Movements from his Oratorios; one of which has been long diſuſed; the other is an Inſtrumental Piece, which appears here in a Duetto; the other parts of the Collection are from his Anthems, ſeveral of which were never Printed, and are only to be found in the Poſſeſſion of the Curious; from his Operas, now little known; and ſome favourite Fuges and Airs in his Concertos, &c. which will appear in a new, and I hope, an acceptable Light. The difficulties of Writing to this kind of Muſic, can only be known by thoſe who have made the Experiment, and is therefore the beſt Apology I can offer for the Incorrectneſs of the Verſification.

It would be ungenerous, not to acknowledge the Advice and Aſſiſtance I have received from ſeveral of my Friends in this Work, and in particular from one whoſe Time and Abilities are devoted to the Service of his Friends, as I have repeatedly experienced; and gladly ſeize this firſt Opportunity of publickly thanking Mr. Samuel Howard, for the many favours I have received from him.

It will give me the higheſt pleaſure if this performance ſhould in any degree contribute to increaſe the Liſt of Subſcribers to this truly Charitable Inſtitution. I am ſorry to ſay from my own knowledge, that the preſent Income is greatly deficient to anſwer the numerous Claims of the Widows and Orphans, who have no other Support, than what they receive from this Society.

DRA-

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Darius King of Persia.

Zorobabel

Salathiel

Pharez

And the Chorus of Israelites.

SCENE.

Babylon, and the Palace of Darius near it.

ISRAEL IN BABYLON.

ACT I.

CHORUS.

TO Iſrael's *God, united, raiſe*
The tribute, ſong of praiſe;
Let ev'ry grateful voice proclaim
Jehovah's awful name.

RECITATIVE.

ZOROBABEL.

Well have ye done, my brethren, thus to praiſe
Our gracious God, for boundleſs mercies ſhewn
To Iſrael's captive race. The time is come,
For our deliv'rance from the Heathen's bonds.

The prophet Jeremiah this foretold,
Full ſeventy years Judeah's ſoil ſhould reſt,
Nor feel the plough; (type of our holy ſabbath)
While all her wretched ſons in bondage groan
For their offences 'gainſt God's holy law.
The great decree, that Cyrus had ſent forth
Before his death, Darius has confirm'd;
And to our land we quickly ſhall return.
The holy temple, like th' Arabian bird,
Does, from it's aſhes, with new ſplendor riſe.

AIR.

See her awful domes aſcending,
" Columns ſwelling, arches bending;"
Golden roofs majeſtic riſe,
And lofty ſpires, that reach the ſkies.

AIR.

No more ſhall Edom's ſons deride,
No more exult, with haughty pride;
Inſulting o'er our ſorrow, ſay,
Come, ſing us Sion's chearful lay:
Nor proud Euphrates, as he flows,
Be witneſs to our heart-felt woes.

RECITATIVE.

PHAREZ.

The dreadful gloom of ſorrow is diſpers'd
And glorious freedom with new luſtre ſhines;

No more the ſervile taſk ſhall be impos'd,
By lordly tyrants, in a foreign land.

DUETTO.

On our paternal mead,
Our fleecy flocks ſhall feed;
Or climb to Carmel's ſhaggy ſide,
Or quench their thirſt in Jordan's tide.
And Jordan, as he glides along,
Shall eccho back the ſhepherd's ſong.

RECITATIVE.

ZOROBABEL.

The king conſents to hear our triple plea,
To prove what 'tis that boaſts ſuperiour ſtrength.
But, O my friends, join not their Heathen rites,
Nor give the praiſes, due to God alone,
To the bright Sun, created by *His word!*
But, 'ere we go, to great Jehovah's Name,
Here, let us offer up the ſacred ſong.

CHORUS.

Sing unto God, and glorify his name;
And to the vaulted ſky his praiſe proclaim:
Let angels join the joyful ſound;
And heav'n, and earth, his praiſe reſound.

AIR.

SALATHIEL.

Ceaſe, ah! ceaſe your ſongs of joy;
To ſorrow tune your lay:
With deepeſt ſighs of woe,
Let tears of anguiſh flow.

ZOROBABEL.

What means my father, whence this ſudden change?

RECITATIVE, *accompanied.*

SALATHIEL.

Our hopes of freedom are for ever fled.----
Our antient enemies of Cæloſyria,
And of Phœnicia, have together join'd;
In blackeſt terms that malice can invent,
Have repreſented us as foes to kings,
A turbulent, rebellious, reſtleſs race.
On this account; Darius has revers'd,
The great decree which Cyrus made
Before his death.------
The building of the temple now is ſtopp'd;
And we condemn'd, in bondage ſtill to groan.

CHORUS.

Oh, wretched Iſrael, doom'd to know,
The dire extent of grief, and woe;
No cheering hope, alas! remains,
To free us from our galling chains.

AIR

AIR.

An ISRAELITE.

O thou Almighty pow'r,
Whom Iſrael's ſons adore;
From thy eternal throne,
Oh, look with pity down.

DUETTO, AND CHORUS.

Let thine ear, O Lord,
Incline to hear our pray'r;
And in thy tender mercy,
Wretched Iſrael ſpare.

RECITATIVE.

PHAREZ.

O had we in our great proſperity,
Attended to the dictates of God's law,
Nor fondly worſhip'd idols made with hands;
He would not then have giv'n us as a prey,
To unbelieving cruel enemies.

AIR.

Humble, patient, bear the rod,
Of an high offended God;
Juſt his judgments, tho' ſevere,
Yet ſtill his people are his care.
When our fathers cry'd, diſtreſt,
By haughty Pharoah ſore oppreſt;

With ſtretcht-out arm, and mighty hand,
He brought them forth from Egypt's land.
Patient bear th' afflicting rod,
Of an high offended God.

RECITATIVE.

ZOROBABEL.

O let us not deſpair; what God hath ſpoken
Shall be fulfill'd in all its full extent;
For weak and vain is earthly oppoſition
To the decree of the Moſt High.

AIR.

Truſt in God, his arm alone,
Can cruſh our potent foe;
Can raiſe the weak, ſubdue the ſtrong,
And bring the mighty low.
Unſearchable the ways,
Omnipotence diſplays;
By great intents unſeen,
He guides this vaſt machine.

RECITATIVE.

SALATHIEL.

See, in the weſt the ruddy ſun deſcends;
In ſteadfaſt hope of the Almighty's pow'r,
Here let us offer up the ſuppliant ſong;
And then attend Darius at his feaſt.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Riſe O God! with glory crown'd,
Triumphant riſe!
And let thy arm confound,
Our Enemies.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Save, Oh ſave us from Deſpair,
Shew that Iſrael is thy care.

CHORUS.

Riſe O God! with glory crown'd,
Triumphant riſe!
And let thy arm confound,
Our enemies.

SEMI-CHORUS.

By thy prophets thou haſt ſworn,
Unto our land we ſhould return.

CHORUS.

On the word of the Lord, we will firmly depend;
For his arm can alone, his choſen race defend.

END of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

Scene, a magnificent Hall, Darius *ſeated on his Throne ſurrounded by his Nobles,* &c.

RECITATIVE.

SALATHIEL.

I SING the produce of the vine
The ſtrength and pow'r of mighty wine.---
O ye men, how ſtrong is wine!
Its ſubtle pow'r deprives us of our reaſon;
And makes the wiſeſt do fantaſtic things.
Have ye beheld a wretch that groans beneath
A load of care, or ſuffers tort'ring pain?
Let him but drink of the inſpiring juice,
His anguiſh ends, and ev'ry thought is joy;
Nor more remembers ſorrow, pain, or debt.
What is it prompts the merry midnight ſong?
Prolongs the hours, and crowns the plenteous feaſt?

AIR.

'Tis mighty wine inſpires us,
With ev'ry jocund pleaſure;
With joy that knows no meaſure,
The feſtive hours are crown'd.

Each

Each flowing goblet fires us,
All gloomy care we baniſh;
All palid fear will vaniſh,
And mirth alone abound.

RECITATIVE.

The force of wine can elevate alike,
The bond-man and the free, the poor and rich;
The loweſt ſubject, and the lordly ruler,
Are higher rais'd by its prevailing pow'r.

AIR AND CHORUS.

'Tis Gen'rous Wine exalts all human things,
" Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings."

RECITATIVE.

PHAREZ.

In more majeſtic ſtrains I ſing,
The ſtrength and pow'r of Perſia's king.---
O ye men that bear ſuperior rule
O'er land and ſea, and all that they contain;
Is he not ſtrongeſt who commands all men?
How fatal! how deſtructive, are the frowns
Of anger'd majeſty, to all his foes;
Straight at his word his ſubjects ruſh to arms.

AIR.

Like the raging ocean's force,
His armies take their rapid courſe,

With ſwift deſtruction ſweep away,
The nations who oppoſe his ſway.

AIR.

Applauding crouds around,
The victors name reſound,
And hail him good and great,
With fame and conqueſt crown'd.
While captive ſlaves, a num'rous train,
In anguiſh drag the galling chain,
And mourn their hapleſs fate.

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS.

The glorious day is won,
Wake ev'ry martial ſound,
Tell all the regions round,
Triumphant we return;
From ſanguine fields with ſlaughter ſpread,
O'er mountains of the vanquiſh'd dead;
The dreadful carnage now is o'er,
Our monarch's vengeance glows no more:
Rich in honor, rich in ſpoils,
We come to reſt from all our toils.

RECITATIVE.

PHAREZ.

He ſpeaks; and hoſtile fury curbs its rage,
The horrid din of war is heard no more.

AIR.

AIR.

Balmy peace at his command,
Crowns with joy the happy land;
Commerce ſpreads her ſwelling ſail,
Riches flow with ev'ry gale;
Smiling plenty brings her train,
Pleaſures in her preſence reign.

RECITATIVE.

PHAREZ.

Say O ye men, is there a pow'r can vie
With Perſia's king; who is in all obey'd?

CHORUS.

Great and glorious is the king,
From him all pow'r, all honors ſpring,
Conquer'd nations own his ſway,
Diſtant lands his nod obey.

RECITATIVE.

ZOROBABEL.

'Tis not ye men, 'tis not the pow'r of wine,
Nor Perſia's king that rules with boundleſs ſway;
'Tis *woman* only boaſts ſuperior ſtrength.
By her the king, and all mankind are borne,
And o'er them all ſhe holds the full dominion;
For her they toil, and ev'ry danger brave;
To her they bring the produce of their labour,

And

And wait to catch from her th' approving ſmile,
While gazing throngs are fir'd with fond deſires.

AIR.

Around the Fair attending,
To her ſubmiſſive bending;
Our yielding hearts confeſs her ſway,
All, her ſuperior pow'r obey.

SONG.

At her feet the warriours lay,
The trophies of the hard-fought day;
Soothing looks, and am'rous ſmiles;
The ſweet reward of all their toils.

RECITATIVE.

ZOROBABEL.

See the fond youth whoſe heart is fill'd with love,
If the coy fair rejects it with diſdain;
What wild diſtraction! how he foams and raves!---
Nor boaſting wiſdom can her charms withſtand,
And lordly reaſon is by her controul'd:
Ev'n hoary age to her will yield his treaſure,
And feels new vigour in his languid veins.

QUINTETTO.

When beauty's charms inviting,
To pleaſures moſt delighting;
What tranſports fill the heart!
What bliſs her ſmiles impart!

SEMI-

SEMI-CHORUS.

But when her charms poſſeſſing,
How great the joy, the bleſſing?
Deſpotic o'er the conquer'd ſoul ſhe reigns,
And binds the willing ſlave in pleaſing chains.

RECITATIVE.

ZOROBABEL.

Do you allow 'tis woman's pow'rful charms;
That rule unrivall'd over all mankind?
Or muſt I bring a more convincing proof?
Is not the king moſt mighty and ſupreme?
Do not whole regions tremble at his nod?
I ſaw him ſeated on his ſplendid throne;
Before him all the lords of Perſia bow'd:
At his right hand the fair Apame ſat.

AIR.

On the charmer fondly gazing,
Love, his heart reſiſtleſs ſeizing,
Raptures fill'd the hero's breaſt.
To her ſmiles with ſmiles replying,
Tender ſighs, repay'd with ſighing,
Ev'ry care was lull'd to reſt.
Ambition, glory, fame ſubſiding;
She the monarch thus deriding,

Took the laurel from his brow;
With beauteous pride,
The fair one cry'd;
Tell me who's the victor now?
On her ſnowy breaſt reclining,
Pomp and ſtate for her reſigning,
Prov'd that love rules all below.

RECITATIVE.

ZOROBABEL.

Say O ye men, if ſuch is woman's pow'r,
Is not her mighty ſtrength unrivall'd yet?

CHORUS.

Strong the king whom all obey,
And great the force of wine;
But ſtronger far is woman's ſway,
To her we willing homage pay,
To her our claim reſign.

END of the SECOND ACT.

ACT

ACT III.

RECITATIVE.

DARIUS.

GIVE to Zorobabel the due reward,
The purple robe, the cup of massy gold,
The gilded chariot, and the stately bed;
Around his head the tire of linnen bind,
And let the richest chain adorn his neck.

A SOLEMN SYMPHONY.

RECITATIVE.

DARIUS.

Hark! in a more exalted strain
He strikes his tuneful lyre again.

AIR.

Sacred truth! my song inspire,
With thy bright celestial fire;
Before thee subtle falshood flies,
Stript of all her mean disguise.

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

ZOROBABEL.

Great is the earth, and high th' azur'd Heav'n!
Bright is the Sun that ſwiftly runs his courſe!
How great that pow'r whoſe hand hath form'd them all!

SONG.

The glorious Sun, the radiant Moon,
And ev'ry orb that gilds the ſky;
To primal darkneſs ſhall return,
And Heav'n and Earth ſhall paſs away.

CHORUS.

But truth triumphant ſhall endure,
On Adamantine rock ſecure.

RECITATIVE, *accompanied.*

ZOROBABEL.

Unnumber'd evils are produc'd by wine;
Wicked the king, and all the ſons of men;
Women are falſe, and ſoon their charms will fade.
See truth more radiant than the day,
Chace errors gloomy miſts away;
And reaſon in her native charms diſplay.

AIR.

AIR.

" Ere the orbs in Ether hung,
" Truth ſhone amid the heav'nly throng,
" Her eyes beheld creation's day,
" Her voice began the choral lay,
" And taught archangels the triumphant ſong.

CHORUS.

O God 'tis thou, 'tis thou art truth alone,
All earthly pow'r muſt bend before thy throne.
Bleſſed be the God of truth.

RECITATIVE.

DARIUS.

Aſk what thou wilt beſides the gifts appointed,
And here I vow to grant thy full requeſt;
Should'ſt thou demand half of my wide domain;
For thou art wiſeſt found. By me be ſeated
And henceforth call'd the couſin of Darius

ZOROBABEL.

O king, with thankful heart, thy loweſt ſlave,
Before thy throne with due ſubmiſſion bends;
Unworthy of the honors you beſtow.
Not for myſelf, will I your bounty tax,
But if I have found favour in thy ſight

AIR AND CHORUS.

ZOROBABEL.

Hear a nation's deep diſtreſs,
Iſrael's mighty griefs redreſs.

DUETTO.

See our tears inceſſant flow,
Mark our dark deſpair and woe.

CHORUS.

Hear a nation's deep diſtreſs,
Iſrael's mighty griefs redreſs.

DUETTO.

Holy Salem on thee calls,
Mourning her unfiniſh'd walls;
All her ſons dejected mourn,
From their hopes of freedom torn.

CHORUS.

Hear a nation's deep diſtreſs,
Iſrael's mighty griefs redreſs.

RECITATIVE.

DARIUS.

Thy ſuit is granted; letters ſhall be wrote
To all the rulers of the provinces,

That

That they protect you to your native land.
I will appoint the neceſſary ſums;
To build your temple and maintain your off'ring.
Your holy veſſels ſhall be all reſtor'd;
The will of Cyrus be in full obey'd.
Be you Zorobabel the governor;
From tribute free remain our firm ally,
And may the God of truth direct your ways.

AIR.

Safely go in joy and peace,
Here your grief and woe ſhall ceaſe;
None your ſacred work ſhall ſpoil,
None moleſt your hallow'd toil.

Exit Darius and the Perſian lords.

RECITATIVE.

PHAREZ.

When we look back on all our troubles paſt,
The ſcenes of danger and the years of ſorrow,
How doubly welcome is the ſound of joy!
The dawn of glorious liberty appears,
Its rays expand, and throw a luſtre round.

AIR.

Long by ev'ry adverſe motion,
Toſt on dire affliction's ocean;

Of raging winds and waves the ſport:
Now down the tide
We ſmoothly glide,
And gentle winds our ſtreamers court.
Now proſp'rous gales
Will fill our ſails,
And bring us to the deſtin'd port.

RECITATIVE, *accompanied.*

ZOROBABEL.

To thee O God do I lift up mine eyes;
Of Thee is wiſdom, and of Thee is victory;
To Thee O king of Heav'n be glory.

SONG.

Songs of joy aud chearful praiſe,
To our great preſerver raiſe,
All his wondrous acts proclaim,
And magnify his holy name.

LAST CHORUS.

To Iſrael's guardian, father, friend,
Let grateful ſtrains of thanks aſcend,
Before his awful throne;
Where angels veil'd inceſſant ſing,
To glorify th' Almighty king,
Eternal holy One.
Nations uniting his praiſe ſhall prolong,
And the concave of Heav'n re-echo the ſong.
Glory be to God alone.

Hallelujah.

AMEN.